



A THIRD COLLECTION OF  
**NEW POEMS**

By  
Contemporary  
Poets

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**THE CHAPBOOK**

MONTHLY MISCELLANY No 10 (Vol II) April 1920

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# THE CHAPBOOK

## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

POETRY AND DRAMA : a quarterly periodical, appeared four times in 1913 and four times in 1914. Then its publication was suspended on account of the war.

Its object was to provide a complete record of the poetry and drama of the day.

Its place has been filled since the war by other periodicals planned on similar lines.

THE CHAPBOOK first appeared in July, 1919, as a substitute for *Poetry and Drama*. It is published about the middle of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :—

1919.

JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets*. 1s. net ; by post 1s. 1d. (Cover design by C. Lovat Fraser.)

AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre*. By Albert Rutherston. 1s. net ; by post 1s. 1d. (Cover and four plates by the author.)

SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated* : an Anthology of miscellaneous poems of the past, with drawings by artists of the present. 1s. net ; by post 1s. 1d.

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# A COLLECTION OF NEW POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS

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## THE CHAPBOOK

Number Ten · Volume Two · April 1920

(Edited by Harold Monroe)

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ANDERSON (*To John Masefield*)

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1. They will not be received if brought by hand to the Poetry Bookshop.
2. They must be sent by post, with a stamped addressed envelope (sufficiently large) for their return in case of rejection.
3. They cannot be acknowledged.
4. They cannot be considered within any specified period. Rejected MSS. are usually returned within a few days. Doubtful MSS. are often kept some weeks for mature consideration.
5. Publication is not undertaken at the Author's expense. Accepted MSS. are issued under agreement at the Publisher's risk and discretion.
6. Poems accepted for THE CHAPBOOK are paid for two months after publication. Royalties on books are paid half-yearly.

NOTE.—All MSS. receive careful consideration. Sometimes brief criticism is offered, but where they have not been accepted no further correspondence will be carried on regarding them.

(1) SIX POEMS by MARY WEBSTER

Betty

SHE asks with meek, uplifted hazel eyes,  
If one has yet returned whose voice she seeks;  
With languid eyes, and wistful, waiting cheeks  
She asks. A quivering streak of sunshine lies  
Upon the bed, and from the street steal in  
Voices of healthy children and the low  
Sweet piping of new birds where green leaves show  
On Winter branches. Whitely, wan and thin,  
A delicate, pleading hand makes mute request  
For little things, a book, a straying shawl,  
The hour the clock has struck, a crochet ball  
Fallen unawares, and then the fingers rest  
Sadly once more, and shadows steal again  
Over the silent, drowsy counterpane.

## July

SUN-BLANCHED, the unyielding pavements lie,  
With dust blown from the dusty street,  
A windless larch is sick with heat,  
Grey roofs stand black against the sky.  
Dogs drowse in doorways with glazed eyes,  
A child on petulant footsteps lags,  
A gamin stares beneath his rags  
And makes mute warfare with the flies.  
Half-dazed, a disconsolate sparrow hops  
Beside the thirsty gutter-track,  
A soldier sweats beneath his pack,  
The shades are drawn on all the shops,  
Where ladies ponder, powder-pale,  
In gossamers of lilac dye ;  
Sun-blanced, the unyielding pavements lie,  
Along the unyielding city trail.  
Like jaded ghosts men meet and part,  
A slow horse staggers through the din,  
Then sun and shade are folded in  
The swish-swish of the watering-cart.



## Death of a Child

ALL the love in the world  
Was hid in the touch of his hand,  
And the rose on his cheek  
And the sleek  
White limbs, and the questioning, bland,  
Wide eyes, with their petulant wonder.  
Now all the roses lie under  
And all the snows, and unbidden,  
Quiet, quilt-like, the clover  
Creeps over,  
Where, in the cold earth, is hidden  
Dark-curtained, close-curled,  
All the love in the world.

## Hope Deferred

HE spake harsh words, and then he went his way,  
And I, with subtle reasoning, through the night  
Strove hard to understand, but with the day  
Masked hope, and said, "To-morrow he will write."

And then to-morrow passed, and I was wan  
With waiting for the hope that should have been,  
He spake harsh words and left me and was gone,  
And now a leaden silence lies between.

Christ pardon man's unfaith and woman's wiles,  
Christ pardon flesh that fails and faith that fears,  
But yesternight I lost the joy of smiles,  
To-day I have forgotten the ease of tears.



## Unanswered

**I**F I had come a beggar to your door,  
With thirsty lips that could not speak for thirst,  
Before you slept you would have brought me first  
Cold water, till they drank and cried no more.  
If I had come in piteous nakedness  
And prayed beneath your window in my shame,  
You would have heard and called me by my name,  
And brought me in, beholding my distress.  
Yet, when my weary spirit panted "Come!"  
And turned its purple lips to you in pain,  
Starving and cold, with blood-drops where it prayed,  
You steeled your heart with armour of the brain,  
And, turning backward, cold and undismayed,  
Heard all its supplications and were dumb.

## Unrequited

MY love that was so big and strong  
Is grown so little that a word  
Would wound and crush him like a sword,  
My love that was so big and strong.

His little feet that went so far,  
Returning feet, are torn and nude,  
And on the pathway there is blood,  
And he had gone to fetch a star.

A piteous dove is in his eyes,  
A piteous rose is on his cheek,  
And dumb and piteous things can speak  
Though wounded souls have no replies.

My love that was so big and strong  
Is grown so little that a kiss  
Would send him into nothingness,  
My love that was so big and strong !

(II) THREE POEMS by A. E. COPPARD

## Country Sabbath

WHY does he loaf in his garden,  
That rich man,  
Looking so idly into the air ?

The huge uprearing sky has a million lures :  
The wind connives at its coy mischief,  
Dust is gone upon curtains of visible air,  
The unreluctant elm is passionately tossed,  
And seven pale doves are thrown like stars  
Under the black cloud.

Servant of grief and bereavement,  
A poor crude female,  
Bowed and uncomely, mourns upon the road,  
Trundling a bassinette filled with a fat, pink child ;  
As snug as honey in wards of wax it lies,  
The flesh growing rosily upon it,  
The fat making its pleasant curves.  
Under the elm the mourning woman loiters, under the  
cloud,  
And at the porch of the Baptist chapel,  
Where the invoking choir perfunctorily drones  
Of " Jesus, blessed Jesus ! "  
She tarries long in sadness and humility.

Why does he not leave looking in the sky,  
That rich man ?  
Are there not in the garden  
Primroses and broccoli,  
And an arbour of woven willow ?



## Storm on the Heath

SURELY the body of night will die in this storm,  
Dark wounded night be slain in its own tempest !  
Calamity, the prodigious beast,  
Sharpens its claw of thunder,  
Its mouthing darkness gnashes from the skies ;  
Frighted with iron roars,  
The earth itself will shrink into the sea.

Windily these havocs,  
Athwart the unrigid gulfs of firmament,  
In dissonant fugues collide,  
And, like trapped furies, flash upon the heath.  
The few trees are doomed,  
Thin-bodied birds may cleave to their racks in the hedges  
But the larch will fall.

If there were stars  
They would be torn from their pivots,  
The moon tossed from her giant anchor ;  
But the blown blackness of earth and sky  
Hangs up a wall,  
A roaring gloom imponderable,  
Till earth from sky cannot be dissevered.

Two thick yellow stars,  
The gig lanterns,  
Emerge ;  
The dark wall closes solidly behind them ;

The faint clack clack of the cob  
Driven so late to the mill  
Follows fadingly,  
And fades.

Now, like a suffering bride,  
Night forbears to contend ;  
Passion is dying, it will surely die.  
To-morrow the heath will bloom with modest beams,  
Again with modest beams,  
Tranquil, unpeccant, lovely and benign,  
Its nooks strewn with cones from the fallen larch  
And a few thin-bodied finches that will sing no more.

## A Carol for Margaret Chester

*DING dong, Noël, ding dong,*  
Sings the bell of the Holy Dawn ;  
*Dong ding*, flickering in madrigals.

*Ding dong, Noël, ding dong,*  
Come and adore Him.  
The ox turns from its crib,  
The fish that swims in water clear  
Hangs like a dream,  
The starling chuckles in the thorn,  
The goose is smoothing its breast,  
All for the Little Boy that is to look after the sheep.

*Ding dong, Noël, ding dong.*  
The cockerels upon the axle perched—  
The white cock that crows  
And the red cock that fights—  
Let down their comforted claws,  
All for the Little Boy that is to look after the sheep ;  
But the gold cock that flutters and spins  
Still sleeps in the wind.

*Ding dong, Noël, ding dong.*  
Strange shepherds, old shepherds,  
Shepherds from reed-roofed pens,  
Come over the hill,  
*Ding dong,*  
With milk and honey and blackbirds baked in a pie.

*Ding dong, Noël, ding dong.*

The falling crumbs gladden the thin mice,  
Who are but three and blind as any stone,  
Lodging in a round black hole under the manger.

Blow your horn, come, blow your horn,  
Here hovers the trembling star !  
Light the fire, light the fire,  
Those lost wise people coming in from the fen  
Are covered with white frore dew,  
And the sky leans cold as the curved sails of a ship !

Carols the blacksmith's anvil,  
Ching . . . ching . . . ching . . . ching,  
And the bells of the Holy Dawn,  
*Dong ding . . . dong ding . . . dong ding,*  
Flicker in madrigals,  
All for the Little Boy that is to look after the sheep.

*Ding dong, Noël,*  
    *Ding dong, Noël,*  
        *Ding dong, Noël,*  
            *Ding . . . dong !*



(III) OCTOBER FAIR-TIME by JOHN REDWOOD  
ANDERSON (*To John Masefield*)

## I. From the Tram

LIKE a thin screen  
Of amber and of vivid green,  
With markings of obscurest jet  
Where trunks and branches pass between,  
A row of trees, half-stripped of leaf,  
Stands out in clear relief  
Above the hoarding's low,  
Long parapet.

And then, beyond—the whirling glow  
Of smoke and steam, black, crimson, white ;  
Bright globes of ruddy lamps that march  
Forever round the glare  
Of flaring roundabouts—and there,  
Rhythmical, at intervals,  
Clear-cut against the tawny stain,  
The square  
Bulk of a swinging-boat that falls  
Swiftly, then leaps to sight again.

Tumultuous, beyond the screen  
Of amber and of vivid green  
And jet,  
That over-tops the hoarding's parapet—

Tumultuous, a surge of light  
Reaching to over-arch  
And dominate the night—  
Chaos of torches lifted high,  
Savage and orgiastic flames  
That flare  
Gashing the dark October sky—  
Splendour and blaze—and all proclaims  
The Fair.

## II. The Crowd

RINGED with its glaring shores—  
Huge tents  
Of Eastern opulence,  
Mirrors and lamps that glance and flash,  
Shadowy towers immense  
Of spiral swift descents—  
And islanded by dazzling whirligigs,  
Where, with brass blare and harsh drum-crash,  
Crude music roars ;  
Ringed with its glaring shores  
—Half-swaying to the lilt of loud  
Jazzes and jigs,  
Half-driven by the need to take  
With savage force its coarse delight—  
The crowd,  
Like a vast human lake,  
Eddies and swirls under the tawny night.

O the black mass  
Of human pleasure, as it sweeps  
Under its stars of naphtha-fire !  
Or, with its slow  
Surge of motion, creeps  
Into the caves of red desire !  
O the fierce under-tow  
Of passions wakened in its deeps !

And now and then, as the crowds pass,  
A pallid light that lives and dies  
Breaks on the swirling surface of the stream—  
The phosphorescent gleam  
Of teeth and eyes  
A moment lifted to the skies.

### III. From the Roundabout

THE crowd  
—Pale pearl and amber beads  
Strung out on a broad belt of black—  
Sweeps  
Circling upon me, and then leaps  
Back  
Out of sight  
Into the tunnelled night.

Loud

—From many an instrument,  
With no tune predominant—  
Fanfares of music all around  
Crash.

Golden steeds  
Prance at my side ;  
While the swung bars  
Of brass  
Flash.

Electric standards, like red stars,  
Rush from the dark,  
And as they pass  
Sputter and spit and spark.

One tune predominant  
Rises to crush the surge  
Of sound around me—a splashed glare,  
The crimson huge orchestrion  
Blares for an instant there,  
Then dips behind me, and is gone.

Where the wide  
Wild walls of flaming avenues converge,  
A lighted tent  
Races along—a glowing planet spun  
In orbits round a glowing sun.

The crowd  
—A stream of meteors in the sky—



Advances, sways, and plunges by.

An engine, with its wheels  
In wooden blocks  
Fixed fast,  
An engine, in a cloud of steam,  
Along what monstrous track of dream  
Goes roaring past.

A nigger on an upturned box  
Reels  
Between two naphtha-flares—  
His lips move, but no cry  
Proclaims his wares.

A bell  
Splits the fierce clang of sound—  
A huge pole springs  
Fantastic from the ground,  
Slants backwards, and is lost ;  
While, mournfully, the faint bell rings  
Like the thin wailing of a ghost.

The crowd  
—Pale leaves upon an autumn stream—  
(A sudden swell  
And blaze from the orchestrion,  
Glass flames and golden horses prance.)

The crowd  
—Scattered confetti, or the dance  
Of atoms in a beam of light—  
Sweeps circling on,  
Hesitates, rocks, and through the night  
Swirls by and out of sight.

## IV. The Moon

GLARE  
And clangour of light—  
Electric stars  
Swung from black ropes against the night—  
Here and there  
The flare  
Of naphtha lamps—the shouts  
Of sweating showmen, and the blare  
Of tune clashing on tune  
From where,  
With flashing glass and bars  
Of brass that burn,  
The gorgeous roundabouts  
Turn.

The side-show stands erect ;  
On the bare stage in front of it  
Columbine and Pantaloon  
Cry to the passing crowds ;  
Mirrors reflect  
The glare

And clangour of light ;  
Above, sharp gilt and paint project  
The booth's thin canvas pediment  
Into the savage night ;  
And, above this, long clouds  
Of smoke and vapour sent  
Drifting across the sky ;  
And, above these again,  
Where other clouds go drifting by,  
White,  
And with a face of pain,  
The moon  
Hangs in the lonely infinite.

The moon—  
O no dead goddess borne aloof  
Across the silent firmament ;  
But a round window cut on high  
In what black tower of monstrous merriment !  
A Chinese lantern stuck awry  
On the vague roof  
Of what huge circus-tent !

The moon—  
Drawn down from space,  
And blinking with the glaring light

And clangour of the night ;  
The moon—  
Blatant and white  
And weary as a showman's face.

## V. The Princess Zoë

A CURTAINED door—a tent against the skies—  
The flare  
Of hissing lamps—the blare  
Of horns—a gong  
Bangs, and the showman cries :

“ Come in ! Come in, and see  
The wonder of the fair ;  
A human picture-show !  
Come in ! Come in, and see  
The Princess Zoë. At Hong-Kong  
Caught by Chinamen,  
And then  
Tattooed from neck to toe  
In a dark opium-den ! ”  
—The gong  
Bangs, and the horns blare—  
“ Come in ! Come in, and see  
The living picture-gallery ;  
The biggest wonder of the fair ! ”

And from the slowly-moving tide  
Of passers-by  
A little stream of folk  
Pay their pence and drift inside.

Slowly they come—slowly the moments pass ;  
They spend  
The dragging interval  
In laughter, clumsy badinage,  
Immodest joke ;  
Men smoke  
And spit upon the sodden grass.

With shabby curtains a small stage  
Stands raised against the further end.

Still  
The shrill  
Cry of the showman—" Come and see  
The human picture-gallery ;  
The Princess Zoë ! " Still the gong  
Bangs. Slowly they come  
Until  
A close-packed throng  
Fills the small tent from wall to wall.



Some  
Stare stupidly,  
Waiting the curtain's rise ;  
Some eyes  
Are full of dull obscenity,  
While a vague curiosity  
Broods over all.

Then suddenly  
The curtains open—there,  
Bare  
Down to her breasts and from her thighs,  
A woman stands, to show  
Herself tattooed from neck to toe.

Crossed flags, a picture of the king,  
Guns, anchors, horses—everything  
From Chinese dragons to a heart  
Pierced by a dart ;  
On her back  
The Vimy Ridge attack,  
—“ A gem of the tattooer's art ”—  
Pricked out in red and black.

“ If you are pleased, please tell your friends ! ”

The curtains fall ;  
So ends  
The lamentable show.

“ Come in ! Come in to see  
The Princess Zoë !—woman’s pride  
Reviled, derided, and denied !  
The Princess Zoë—woman’s flesh  
Filthy and stale, not fresh  
As Nature meant all flesh to be.

“ Come in ! Come in to see  
The Princess Zoë !—*Zoë mou*  
*Sas agapo !*  
Come in ! Come in to see and stare !  
The wonder of the world’s wide fair !  
O Life ! My Life ! O you  
Intolerably dear to me ! ”

## VI. An Incident

THE night and all the stars  
Sweep over him—the bars  
Of flashing brass  
Eclipse the planets as they pass  
Careering by.

The swing-boat kicks the sky,  
And leaps the earth from rim to rim ;  
Alternately, on either side  
The wide  
Glare of the fair  
Prodigiously is flung on high,  
Trembles an instant there,  
Then plunges down and under him.

Then suddenly a hush has come  
Into the loud  
Roar of sound—

The crowd  
Draws back awe-struck and dumb ;  
As from the ground  
The stretcher-bearers lift him up  
And bear him from the place.

His face  
Is like a broken cup—  
Wine-stained and empty of delight.

The night  
And all the stars of space  
Sleep over him.

## VII. The Clown

I SAW him sitting there,  
Made shamefully ridiculous,  
Watching, with an unseeing stare,  
The riders in the ring.  
His hair,  
Close-cropt, showed white at the wig's edge,  
A huge, grotesque, flamboyant thing,  
Brick-red and pointed to a wedge ;  
Crude grease-paint smudges on his face,

From low-browed forehead to squat chin,  
Coarse, purple nose and venomous  
Red lips completed his disgrace—  
Save for the thin  
Pink-stockinged legs and the blue vest  
Buttoned across his narrow chest.

This was the fool—  
The man who sold himself to be  
The butt and ridicule  
Of others no more wise than he.  
And he was Mirth—  
An old man weary of the earth,  
Who sat there in the flaring light  
Waiting his turn,—waiting until the show  
Was done, that he might go,  
Unnoticed and alone, his way into the night.

## VIII. The Tiger

**B**ARRED black and gold,  
Shadows of smoke and tongues of flame,—  
Behind the bars that hold  
His fear, his beauty and his shame,

The tiger, in the mockery  
Of his captivity,  
While all the good folk gape at him,  
Paces up and down  
Continually.

Outside,  
The Fair, like a red coal,  
Burns on the outskirts of the town,  
And casts its wide  
Fantastic and spasmodic light,  
Like a huge aureole,  
Into the star-dust of the night.  
But here, in the menagerie,  
Voluminous shadows fill the dim,  
Vague spaces of the roof, save where  
A naphtha-flare,  
Swaying upon its windy pole,  
Burns bright.

And from outside there comes the loud  
Chaos of music : roundabouts  
Wrangling in rival tunes—the showmen's shouts—  
The thousand voices and the thousand feet  
That are the crowd ;  
Billows of sound that break and beat



Upon the shore  
Of night and silence and the sleeping earth.

Up and down  
The tiger paces in his cage ;  
And now and then his rage  
Rises in savage majesty  
Against his iron slavery—  
Rises to drown  
The noise men make with the vast roar  
That shook the jungles of his birth.

The East with all its memories  
Burns in the tiger's yellow eyes.

The native village sleeps  
Under the moon's metallic light,  
I see the tiger where he creeps  
From shade to shade across the night.  
And now I see him stoop to drink  
Upon the brink  
Of reedy pools where dim trees spread  
Festoons of poison overhead.  
I see the forests in a trance  
Of many rains and many suns—  
I see the beaters' slow advance,  
I hear the sudden crack of guns.

And then I see the Yogi sit  
Calm in the haunted wilderness—  
He has become the Infinite  
With smiling lips and hands that bless ;  
And lo, the tiger at his side  
Tamed in the face of his strong peace,  
And utter silence far and wide  
Through all the shadows of the trees.

The East with all its mysteries  
Burns in the tiger's yellow eyes.

Barred flame and smoke  
Behind the iron bars of fear—  
The tiger roars, and the good folk  
Sway backward and again  
Press near.  
Then suddenly,  
Out of the night, another sound  
Out-roars the tiger, and the East is drowned,  
Drowned and forgotten, as the train,  
Roaring, goes by ;  
The train—  
The rushing thunder of the West  
On all the wheels of her unrest  
And her supremacy.

## IX. The Week After

**B**ARE,  
—The earth scored everywhere  
With ruts and heavy engine-tracks—  
Scant patches of worn grass ringed round  
By sawdust and by mud,  
This is the Corporation-ground  
Where the Fair  
Stood.

Confetti strews  
The empty avenues  
And lies in heaps upon the grass ;  
A man  
Stoops down and packs it into sacks.  
There, the last yellow van  
Prepares to leave—bright piles of glass  
(Here, where the shooting-booths have been)  
Flash out in diamonds red and green—  
There is the circus-ring, and here  
The black hook of what broken gear.

This was the tented town of mirth,  
For nine brief days and nine swift nights,

The city of all bright delights—  
A place of splendour and of noise  
For merry girls and merry boys ;  
And now it lies  
A field of sodden earth,  
How pitiably shrunk and small  
Under the cold October skies,  
And saddened by the leaves that fall  
Perpetually  
From one thin tree—  
Last handfuls of confetti thrown away  
By Autumn weary of her play.

This day is sweeter than the glare  
And whirling madness of the Fair,  
And now the world comes back to me  
In pure, cold sanity ;  
This hush is better than the roar  
Of engines and the siren's scream,  
The cries and shouts  
And laughter of the girls and men—  
But then,  
There *were* the splendid roundabouts  
Where you and I went riding, many a mile and more,  
Along the flaming roads of dream.

DECEMBER.—*Four Songs : Nod.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. *At the Turn of the Burn.* Words by George Townsend Warner, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Melmillo.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Clive Carey. *Arabia.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Denis Browne. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 7d. (Cover by A. P. Allenson.)

1920.

JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 7d. (Cover decorated by C. Lovat Fraser.)

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